

*Emil.* By that you would have pittie in another,  
By your owne vertues infinite.

*Hip.* By valour,  
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

*Thes.* These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

*Per.* Nay then lie in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all  
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady.

*Emil.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing Maide.

*Hip.* By your owne eyes: By strength  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thesens*.

*Per.* To crowne all this; By your most noble soule  
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

*Hip.* Next heare my prayers.

*Emil.* Last let me intreate Sir.

*Per.* For mercy.

*Hip.* Mercy.

*Emil.* Mercy on these Princes.

*Thes.* Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt  
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

*Emil.* Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

*Thes.* You are a right woman, Sister; you have pittie,  
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.

If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer then banishment: Can these two live  
And have the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another? Every day  
The y'd fight about you; howrely bring your honour  
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then  
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,  
And my oth equally: I have said they die,  
Better they fall by th' law, then one another.  
Bow not my honor.

*Emil.* O my noble Brother,  
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,  
Your reason will not hold it, if such voves  
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Beside

Beside, I have another oth, gainst yours  
Of more authority, I am sure more love,  
Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

*Thes.* What is it Sister?

*Per.* Vrge it home brave Lady.

*Emil.* That you would nev'r deny me any thing  
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:  
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,  
Thinke how you maime your honour;  
(For now I am set a begging Sir, I am deafe  
To all but your compassion) how, their lives  
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,  
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?  
That were a cruell wisdom, doe men proyne  
The straight yong Bowes that blush with thousand Blossoms  
Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Thesens*  
The goodly Mothers that have ground for these,  
And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,  
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,  
And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosen  
Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,  
Till I am nothing but the scorne of women;  
For heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

*Thes.* On what conditions?

*Emil.* Swear 'em never more  
To make me their Contention, or to know me,  
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be  
Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

*Pal.* He be cut a peeces  
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?  
O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy Banishment  
I not mislike, so we may fairely carry  
Our Swords, and cause along: else never trifle,  
But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,  
And for that love, must and dare kill this Cosen  
On any peece the earth has.

*Thes.* Will you *Arcite*  
Take these conditions?

Pal.